

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call

Chapter 611



Chapter 611 Gordon's Support

"Nope. Everyone's either at work or school. Sometimes, they may go on holidays to relax," Wynter explained.

Gordon's eyes reddened as he said, "That's great. Truly wonderful!"

One would never grasp the mindset of someone from a different generation.

Why should one study hard or strive to earn more money? Because they desired to ensure that their fellow compatriot would not go hungry or suffer from oppression. It was all that mattered.

Wynter was a normal person, focused solely on herself. But she always held onto the belief that noble Individuals existed in the world. They harbored grand ideals and dedicated themselves to the common people's welfare.

Wynter felt immensely fortunate to have been part of the Quinnell family because Gordon was undoubtedly such a person. Although he was a businessman, he was very righteous.

"What do you need me to do, young lady?" After regaining his composure, Gordon handed back the phone to Wynter.

Though he wished to inspect it further, he had more pressing matters to settle. He needed to remain clear

-headed.

Gordon added, "My principle is clear. I will never collaborate with the Foplyans."

"Don't worry. You won't have to do that." After checking her items, Wynter continued, "As long as you agree to attend the banquet, leave the rest to me. I won't let the other parties have any opportunity to take photos."

"Are you coming along?" Gordon asked seriously.

"Of course! I'll be your granddaughter so I can snoop around the consulate to investigate."

Gordon's first instinct was to reject Wynter's plan. "You're planning to investigate the Foplya consulate?"

No, that's too dangerous."

To reassure him, Wynter revealed the gun she

had hidden. "I killed the Foplyan pursuer myself and took this gun from him. Please trust me, I can take care of myself.

"Besides, attending the banquet alone would make them suspicious. You can put them at ease if you bring me along.

"I'm just a young woman who has studied abroad and experienced little hardships. You can draw the Foplyan officer's attention while I sneak around."

Wynter raised her hand and continued, "The young girl outside had her sister taken to the Foplya

consulate a long time ago. Many children have also suffered the same fate.

'The Foplyan intend to exploit your influence for something nefarious. The children must be somehow.

*11 Gordon's Support

involved.

"The Foplyans would never educate them out of the goodness of their hearts. Something is going on at the consulate, and I must find out."

Gordon was reminded of a bloodied young man who had escaped from the Foplya consulate. He had

asked to see someone from the Youth Daily and handed over a roll of film.

The Foplyans had captured

the man because of that film.

In the end, the young man didn't survive. He never even had the chance to deliver the film to the Youth

Daily.

The Quinnell family was now under surveillance, making it difficult to make any move.

The Foplyans were notoriously cunning and would not resort to overt violence. They preferred the young

man to meet with someone so that they had the chance to capture the entire Youth Daily team.

Furthermore, the film had been mostly damaged and might not even be salvageable. Wynter was right to

say that something fishy was happening at the Foplya consulate.

Gordon leaned on his cane and stood up. "All right, but you must promise me to be cautious inside. They are extremely ruthless. On the Quinnell family's behalf, I thank you for your efforts."

Given the nation's dire circumstances, Gordon had already prepared for the worst.

Chaste 612 Dalton From a Century Ago

Chapter 612



Chapter 612 Dalton From a Century Ago

Gordon would rather sacrifice himself than let the Foplyans achieve their goal. Now that Wynter was willing to put herself in danger, how could he not be moved?

He was about to bow to Wynter when she stopped him.

“Great–great–grandpa, I’m a descendant of the Quinnell family. This is my home, too. If you bow to me,

my grandfather might slap me when I return,” she teased.

In truth, Fabian doted on her. There was no way he would hit her.

Gordon laughed heartily and said, “That does sound like a Quinnell!”

The rest of the Quinnell family opened the door and heard the laughter echoing

from within.

“I have six older brothers, but none want to inherit the family business. They probably feel that such

immense wealth is too much to handle.”

Gordon was amused by Wynter. The Quinnells hadn't seen him laugh like this in a long time. They felt both wary and grateful toward Wynter.

Gordon then lifted his gaze and instructed, "Go tell the Foplya envoys that I will attend the banquet. I'll bring Fabian back."

The Quinnells were stunned, especially Gordon's daughter-in-law, Natasha Ilor. She couldn't fathom how Wynter had managed to change Gordon's mind.

Despite her concern for her youngest son, Natasha understood that Gordon might be viewed as a traitor if he attended the banquet.

Just as Natasha's husband, Jake Quinnell, was about to say something, Gordon interrupted him.

"Prepare a feast. The Quinnell family's young lady has returned from studying abroad. How could we be so quiet about this? We need to celebrate."

The Quinnell family's young lady?

Everyone stared at Wynter, who was standing next to Gordon. They felt confused about the situation.

There had to be sufficient evidence to make people believe her identity. The Foplyans wouldn't just let it go without investigating.

When Rory received the reply from Gordon, his brows furrowed. "He agreed?" "Yes," the messenger replied/

Rory wondered aloud, "This doesn't seem like something Mr. Quinnell Senior would do."

“Maybe it’s because his granddaughter has returned. He must have figured that it’s impossible to oppose

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you, Mr. Turner,” Roy suggested.

Rory glanced at Roy and asked, “Is that woman really Mr. Quinnell Senior’s granddaughter?”

“It seems to be the case. The Quinnell family is bustling with activity. The jewelry and dresses

she bought has all been delivered to the Quinnell family, and their steward has settled the bills,” Roy

explained.

Hearing this, Rory’s doubts lessened considerably. “At least Mr. Quinnell Senior knows his place. Settle the preparations,”

“Yes, sir!”

Meanwhile, the Quinnell residence was lively. Gordon’s guest list this time was less stringent. He had invited a few close friends, but one guest was surprisingly young and strikingly handsome.

Wynter was caught off guard to see that he looked the same as he did a century later.

He was still exuding an air of frail elegance. The only difference was that he wasn’t wearing his usual prayer beads and instead emitted enigmatic danger.

It was as if this was his true self. He had pale skin, a sharp chin, and sunken cheekbones.

The man wore a cool-toned suit, and his silver-gray tie was loosely fastened. Beside him stood a

beautiful, delicate lady.

Wynter couldn't help but stare at the man's mesmerizing face for a while.

"Dalton Yarwood?" she murmured.

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Chapter 613 Something Is Off About Her

Dalton raised his gaze and mischievously curved his lips. "Are you Mr. Quinnell Senior's granddaughter, the one who studied abroad?" –

Wynter remained composed and replied, "Yes. I've heard a lot about you.

Dalton's laughter echoed melodically, just like she remembered. "We are meeting for the first time, Ms. Quinnell. How have you heard so much about me?"

"Your reputation precedes you." Wynter glanced at Dalton's female companion and lowered her voice slightly. "I prefer the version of you in a century."

She was somewhat concerned about his hedonistic lifestyle.

Wynter wasn't sure if Dalton caught her last remark as he let out a cough. "Ms. Quinnell, the way you look at me is quite intriguing."

"Is it?" Wynter was waiting for the guests to exit the study. She doubted Gordon had invited these people

for her to make acquaintances. She guessed that he must be trying to send something away.

Wynter's suspicions were accurate. The small-scale gathering wasn't as simple as it seemed. Gordon was still speaking to someone.

As Wynter turned away slightly, Dalton approached and remarked, "Forgive me if I'm being rude, Ms.. Quinnell. It seems you're not particularly fond of me. You look at me as though I've cheated on you."

Wynter couldn't help but scoff inwardly. "I simply prefer to steer clear of individuals with complicated romantic entanglements," she replied nonchalantly.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Dalton let out a light cough.

Just then, Gordon and his friend emerged from the study.

“Ah, you’ve already gotten to know each other? I guess there’s no need for me to make further

introductions.”

Gordon was surprised that Dalton was conversing with Wynter. After all, he was usually reserved and

detached from any matters.

Dalton had arrived in Hawford a year ago. Although he was skilled, he displayed little interest in anything. He always seemed to distance himself from the hustle and bustle of life.

However, Dalton would occasionally lend a hand when Gordon sought his assistance.

Today was no exception. No one would have guessed that Gordon had passed the film to Dalton, despite spending his time conversing with his old friend.

Gordon decided to steer the conversation toward introducing Wynter.

As time drew near, his friend asked with concern, “Do you really have to go to the Foplya consulate?”

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Gordon could guess the Foplyans’ intent behind the invitation. After fetching his hat and putting on his wool coat, he smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter if it’s a trap. Someone has to take a look.”

Next, he turned to Wynter and asked, “Are you ready, Wynter?”

“Yes.” Wynter had changed into a stylish dress that showed off her slender, fair legs, with anklets adorned with shiny tokens. Many people turned to look at her as she walked by.

Gordon and Wynter entered the car arranged by the Foplyans. Wrapped in a fur coat, Wynter exuded elegance. She embodied the grace of a lady from a wealthy Hawford family.

Just then, a fog descended near the waterfront. The sound of ferries could be heard echoing from the

pier.

The woman accompanying Dalton earlier said, "Sir, that can't possibly be Mr. Quinnell Senior's granddaughter. There's something off about her."

Dalton, sitting in the back seat of the car, remained silent. He looked away from the window and ran his slender fingers over the matchbox.

Next, he lit a cigarette and chuckled. "Of course there is. She's not from this city."

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Chapter 614 Underestimated Wynter

Thick fog veiled the surroundings outside.

Meanwhile, at the Foplya consulate, Rory waited patiently for the Quinnells' arrival. His personal was a gesture of respect to Gordon. However, he hadn't expected Wynter to show up.

reception

"Mr. Quinnell Senior, why is she here?" Rory Inquired.

"My granddaughter speaks Foplyanese and can assist as my interpreter. Do you have any objections, Mr. Turner?" Gordon replied.

It was hard for Rory to refuse, so he gestured and said, "Please."

Wynter locked arms with Gordon and scoffed. "Grandpa, this place feels rather small."

"It's indeed smaller than the Quinnell residence," Rory acknowledged grudgingly. Nevertheless, he admired Wynter's good looks and family background, as long as she didn't cause trouble. "Please follow me."

The trio then turned a corner to arrive at a spacious villa connected to a soccer field.

"This will be our future school. After classes, the students can play soccer. There are classrooms over there, and we will invite Foplyanese teachers to conduct lessons," Rory explained, sounding like a benevolent educator with goodwill.

"Mr. Quinnell Senior, I believe that through our collaboration, more children can receive education and meals," Rory added persuasively.

It sounded compelling, almost too good to be true.

Yet, Gordon remained unfazed. "Educating children is no simple task. We can discuss further over dinner."

Rory was convinced his plan was working. After all, when dealing with elderly Cascadians, it was crucial

to sway them with small gestures.

In the distance, the faint sound of children reading added to the picturesque setting.

However, Wynter sensed an underlying unease. The freshly laid lawn, the presence of Foplyanese

teachers only, and the nighttime classes all raised suspicion in her mind.

Wynter narrowed her eyes, knowing exactly where she needed to investigate next.

Gordon had the same thoughts. The two exchanged a knowing glance and started devising a plan.

However, Rory was shrewd and had prepared for various contingencies.

Before Gordon and Wynter could settle into their seats, several children rushed over. They joyfully called out to Rory, "Principal Turner!"

It seemed that all the children were genuinely happy. Those accompanying them captured this heartwarming scene on camera.

Chapte 614 Underestimated Wynter

Wynter's lips curled slightly. "Mr. Turner, it's remarkable to have so many children fond of you."

Before Rory could reply, a boy interjected, "Principal Turner saved us and provided us with food and shelter. Of course, we like him."

"Yeah, that's right!"

Rory smiled and said, "Let's not be rude. This lady and the old gentleman are both friends I invited. With their help, more children will come to our school in the future."

The young boy blinked. "More children? But some of them don't listen and even insult you."

Rory dismissed the boy's comments and urged, "It doesn't matter. Run along and have fun."

However, Wynter sensed something amiss. She focused her gaze on the young boy who was about to

leave.

"Mr. Turner, I'm feeling a bit unwell and need to use the washroom."

Rory glanced at her and smiled before gesturing to his agents. "Please escort Ms. Quinnell so that she doesn't get lost. The consulate is very big."

The two agents promptly responded, "Yes, Mr. Turner."

The well-trained agents would be on alert when there was even the slightest disturbance.

Wynter flipped her long hair and walked gracefully as if everything was going well.

Although Rory was cautious of Wynter, he believed it was more than sufficient to dispatch six agents to deal with a young lady from abroad.

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Chapter 615



Chapter 615 Wynter Takes Action

Rory's attention was fixed on Gordon. Apart from the conditions he had previously mentioned, he wanted to seize control of the Quinnell family and the Cascadia Trading Association.

Therefore, as soon as he took his seat, Rory commanded, "Go fetch the Quinnell family's young master so that Mr. Quinnell Senior can see him."

Fabian was the Quinnell Family's Achilles' heel, and Rory was determined to exploit it fully.

As expected, Gordon looked slightly uncomfortable. Rory was thoroughly pleased. He then ordered his men to prepare the food.

Meanwhile, the agents shadowed Wynter's every move. From the moment she entered until she left, there appeared to be no cause for alarm.

Wynter pretended to take a smoke break and asked the agent in a seductive tone, "Do you have a light?"

As the agent handed the match over, Wynter swiftly raised her hand and struck his pressure point. Those

lurking in the shadows remained unaware of the swift turn of events.

Wynter looked up. Her dress concealed a row of silver needles strapped to her long legs. She could end the agents' lives in a single move, silently and imperceptibly.

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In fact, the agents maintained their posture so that they remained undetected.

"Retrieve all the weapons on them," Wynter instructed Leo. He could possess anyone low on luck. Thus,

the black-clad agents had now become their allies.

Wynter's goal was clear as she made her way to the school compound within the consulate. The children

were happily enjoying their snacks and playing hide and seek.

Wynter squatted down and greeted them, "Hey, nice to see you all again."

The young boy, Gabby, was friendly. "You speak Foplyanese?"

Wynter chuckled softly. "Yes, I do."

Gabby beamed and replied, "I'm learning it, too. The principal said he'd send me to study abroad when I'm older."

"That's wonderful. Mr. Turner is a kind person, yet some children still insult him." Wynter then turned to the agent and remarked. "It's so unbelievable."

Leo, who was now the agent, played along well. "We've been deeply misunderstood."

Gabby added, "I feel sad whenever someone scolds Principal Turner. Why don't they believe he's here to save us?"

"There are so many people on the streets without food. The principal and the others left their families behind to come here and help us, but they..."

Chapter 615 Wynter Takes Action

Gabby lowered his head before continuing, "I don't understand. My best friend, Lily, even bit the principal and said he was a bad person and a liar."

"Lily? It sounds like your best friend is a girl." Wynter smiled.

Gabby blushed and replied, "Yeah, she's really adorable."

"Where is she?" Wynter asked.

Gabby clutched his fists, and hesitated. "She. She wanted to leave. I told the principal, and she got locked up in the detention room. I didn't mean it. Why does she want to leave? Isn't it good here?"

His confusion and anger were palpable.

Straightening up, Wynter met his gaze. "It's not good here. Mr. Turner treats all of you like animals. He conditioned your behaviors, influenced your thoughts, and eroded your conscience.

"He made you forget what it means to be loyal to your country and family. You've been raised well here, so you don't think about your parents anymore.

"But Lily is different. Although young, she knows she's a person, not a pet. She won't be obedient just because she is well-fed."

The sudden change in Wynter's demeanor left Gabby stunned. His thoughts spun in disarray. Parents? His parents...

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Chapter 616 The Formation Was Found

Gabby buried his face in his hands and started to tear up. Memories of his past surged back.

His mother frantically shoved him into the wardrobe to shield him from the armed men who barged into the room. Her clothes were torn in the struggle, and there was blood everywhere.

His dad, a reporter, lay lifeless on the floor with his glasses askew. The study was a mess.

Finally, the principal found him and carried him out of the wardrobe. He remembered his mother's screams echoing from behind.

Gabby turned pale as he murmured, "Mom, no! No!"

Leo quickly covered Gabby's mouth. "Master, something's wrong with him."

Wynter silenced Gabby with a touch. Her expression darkened as she said, "If you have any humanity left, take me to the detention room to find Lily."

Gabby bit his lip in anguish before finally nodding. Wynter was close behind. Her distrust was evident.

No children wanted to go to the detention room. The principal had made it clear that only those who made mistakes would end up there.

Most people stayed away from the detention room. Thus, Wynter and the others did not encounter any guards on their way there.

Nearing the detention room, the tokens on Wynter's ankle started to vibrate violently. This signified that the suppressed resentment had reached a boiling point.

Feeling uneasy, Leo called out to Wynter, "Master."

Wynter followed his gaze and noticed a Foplyanese teacher dragging a student. The trio lurked in the dark. and watched.

The Foplyanese teacher scowled and hurled insults at the girl. "You pathetic fool! You're nothing but a scum at the bottom of society. No amount of teaching can fix you."

With a forceful shove, he pushed the girl forward and hissed, "Get in there. You shall starve tomorrow."

The Foplyanese teacher's demeanor changed drastically as soon as he entered the classroom.

The unsettling encounter occurred before they reached the detention room, Wynter glanced at the bewildered young boy, who seemed eager to explain that the teacher, Meg Troff, wasn't usually so harsh.

Without wasting any time, Wynter instructed, "Lead the way."

One side of the campus was brightly lighted and buzzed with energy, while the other was dim and exuded a somber atmosphere. As night descended, the latter became increasingly eerie and unsettling.

The place's layout seemed familiar. It was reminiscent of the Yeaton family's backyard. Although the

architectural style was different, the formation was identical.

Wynter raised an eyebrow as she didn't believe it was a mere coincidence.

The corridor was adorned with murals depicting the Foplyans' deeds. Despite their brutal acts of invasion and torture, they claimed to be heroes.

Wynter played with the borrowed matchstick as her gaze lingered on the detention room in the courtyard. It resembled a student dormitory from the outside, with a lock hanging on the door.

As Gabby said he didn't have the key, Wynter decided to use a silver needle and strings to unlock the door.

To her disappointment, the detention room was empty. There was only a bed and a desk, scattered with books and a notebook with apologetic notes.

Gabby rummaged through the items but found nothing. However, he noticed some lines in the notebook. that read, "I'm so happy. They said I can return home today! I can finally see my mom and sister."

The words were written haphazardly, with some mistakes. Gabby eagerly showed it to Wynter to reassure her that Lily was safe.

Wynter gazed at the notebook but remained unfazed. Her dress provided a good cover to hide the flashlight strapped to her leg. Unlike Leo, she was a doctor, impervious to the formation's effects.

As Wynter started to investigate, she realized the scent of blood lingered faintly in the air. There were

also traces of drag marks under the bed.

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Chapter 617



Wynter's gaze followed the marks which abruptly halted at the corner of the wall.

“These marks are odd,” she remarked while tapping the ground lightly with her left hand. Suddenly, she heard a hollow sound.

The place beneath was hollow!

“Master, what is it?” Leo asked in puzzlement.

Wynter found the mechanism and explained, “It’s a hidden chamber.”

A hidden chamber?

Just as Leo was pondering. Wynter noticed several books on the shelf. She adjusted them back and forth according to the marks. When the final book was in place, a click was heard.

The wooden floor revealed an opening. A chilly gust of air emanated from the hidden space.

Wynter wasted no time lifting the wooden panel and gestured for Leo and Gabby to enter first.

It was crucial to secure the parameters as this was the heart of the formation. Even if one tried to conceal the location, it was almost impossible for the scent to dissipate.

The retreat path for the Earthbound Formation was important. As places like this couldn’t be locked, Wynter deliberately left a lucky coin outside.

However, she failed to notice that a wooden puppet was stuck behind the bookshelf.

The puppet looked very similar to a certain person!

Unlike other formations, the resentment seemed less intense as one approached the heart. It almost seemed as though the resentment had disappeared. This made it all too easy to overlook the finer details.

Once the wooden panel was lifted, the trio uncovered a wooden door, behind which lay a spiral ladder.

It took a long time for them to climb down the winding ladder. Leo descended first, followed by Gabby, and then Wynter.

After their descent, the trio realized this wasn't a hidden compartment. The space was expansive, and the temperature was chilly. Furthermore, the place was filled with an array of medical equipment.

Wynter's eyes narrowed as she walked forward. She halted abruptly at the sound of approaching voices. Three to four individuals in lab coats and masks seemed to be in search of a missing person.

"What happened to No. 106?"

"I'm not sure. Her door is always open. I don't know where she went."

"Where could she have gone after the injection? Search carefully."

Wynter lowered her gaze when she noticed a reaction from the yellow duck. Nixon must be nearby.

Next, Wynter strode off in the opposite direction and swiftly grabbed a lab coat from a person walking by. With a quick motion, she silenced the woman before she could notify her co-workers.

Wynter assumed the identity of the person she knocked out. Just then, a co-worker grasped her hand as they moved along.

"Why are you here? No. 106 has been found. She's on the third basement level."

After signaling Leo to look after Gabby, Wynter followed the rest to the lower floor.

Her ability to speak fluent Foplyanese and knowledge of medical equipment allowed her to blend in successfully. As a result, she discovered the Foplyans' true intentions.

They weren't building a school but were setting up a medical research institute!

The small cages held animals like rabbits and mice, while larger ones contained the missing children. The Foplyans were using them as subjects of inhuman experiments.

Wynter seethed with anger. She wanted to eradicate the scumbags wearing the lab coats, but she knew it wouldn't break the formation. Hence, she followed them into a cage.

Inside, Lily lay on the ground, barely conscious and limp. She had been captured once again, and they

were now assessing her physical condition.

One of the researchers mocked, "Haha! This idiot is so stubborn. The data we've obtained this time is

quite good. She's still holding on."

Chapter 618



Chapter 618 An Eye for an Eye

Atwater had taught Wynter that letting the spirits sway her emotions was the most important thing to avoid in the Earthbound Formulation.

These entities within the formation belonged to the past and couldn't be changed.

Breaking the formation required one to be compassionate. However, Wynter lacked the generosity to show compassion to the Foplyans. Her gaze remained fixed on the syringes laid out on the trolley.

Meanwhile, the Foplyans laughed heartily, oblivious to the imminent danger.

Wynter walked to a corner of the laboratory and released the twins. "An eye for an eye," she uttered.

Moments later, the Foplyans who had just apprehended Lily felt a sudden chill around his neck. It was as if someone was breathing down on him.

He asked his colleague, "Do you find the wind rather strong today?"

"No," the person replied while gripping his hand. He seemed unaware of his diminishing strength.

Suddenly, one of them reached out. "Hold on. What's this?"

Blood? How could there be blood?

The trio froze, their faces drained of color.

A weak voice echoed from above, "I'm in pain. Mister, did you see my hand?"

Beads of sweat formed on the trio's foreheads as they recalled dissecting the children for experiments

The dead foolish children must be back to exact their revenge. That must be it!

"Did you hear that?" One of them grabbed Wynter and pulled her close. "Did you hear that creepy sound?"

Wynter appeared puzzled. "Creepy sound? Was it the water dripping?"

The researcher's face turned even paler. He nervously scanned his surroundings as his legs trembled.

Without warning, another researcher kicked the cart and bellowed, "Come, then, you brats! We killed you once, and we can do it again!"

Their haughty attitudes revealed an absence of remorse.

While demons in hell were terrifying, the Foplyans' malicious behaviors showed they were worse than any infernal creatures.

Wynter lifted her gaze and signaled for the twins to continue.

This time, they forced the researcher to harm himself. Not only did he slap himself, but he also administered the drug from the trolley into his thigh.

Several of the researchers realized something eerie was going on. When they attempted to flee, they found the laboratory door locked.

Chapte: 618 An Eye for an Eye

This was reminiscent of the moments when they imprisoned the children and relished their despair. Now, their roles were reserved.

The Foplyans' desperate attempts to kick down the door proved futile.

"How could these spirits escape? Didn't the emperor say that the spirits would not come out if the master was around?"

Master? Wynter grasped a crucial detail. Ever since entering the Earthbound Formation, she found it odd that the nearer they were to the heart of the formation, the lesser the resentment.

If the red shoe's owner was the formation's master, why didn't the formation break after the resentment was alleviated?

Wynter hadn't experienced this in the previous two formations. However, upon entering this one, she realized someone was using the Earthbound Formation to influence the present.

The formation aimed to sever the Quinnell family's generations—long fortune in national trading. Wynter developed this hypothesis when she first met Gordon.

However, after entering the consulate, she wondered where the missing children's spirits had gone.. Whether living or dead, there should have been some traces left behind. Yet, Wynter couldn't find any clues.

Wynter had no leads earlier, but now she did. Everything seemed connected to the "master" mentioned by the Foplyans.

If Wolf were here, he could have sniffed out the culprit. But now, Wynter could only rely on her assessment.

She mentally reviewed everyone she had encountered. No one had shown any signs of resentment. Leo and the twins would have sensed it if it had been present.

Perhaps, there was something unique about this situation.

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#Chapter 619 - Read The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call Chapter 619

Chapter 619 The Importance of Serving the Country

Wynter's expression darkened as she reflected on the strange occurrences since they had entered. The Foplyans in the laboratory were driven to madness by fear.

Wynter needed to get Lily out of the laboratory quickly. Her condition was critical after having lost too much blood. However, Lily was terrified of Wynter because of her white lab coat and tried to flee.

Wynter grabbed Lily's hand and whispered, "Your sister and mother sent me to rescue you. They're very worried about you."

Lily's eyes widened, and she clung to Wynter. As Wynter noticed the little girl could only whimper, she realized Lily had lost her ability to speak.

Pausing for a moment, she asked, "Apart from the Foplyanese soldiers, have you seen anyone here who isn't wearing a lab coat? If you have, nod your head."

Just as Lily pondered who among them wasn't wearing lab coats, Leo called out urgently, "Master, we're running out of time."

When Lily saw Gabby following behind Leo, she clung desperately to Wynter, as if trying to say something.

Gabby's eyes reddened. "Lily, how did you end up like this? I'm sorry, I shouldn't have told the principal you

wanted to leave."

Lily shook her head and backed away, looking very distressed. Meanwhile, Gabby cried and kept

apologizing.

Leo watched with a troubled expression. Just as he was about to speak, a sudden noise came from the right. The hallway stretched on, with paintings hanging on the walls.

The lucky coin on Wynter's ankle started vibrating—a sign that Nixon's spirit was near!

As Wynter stood up, Lily sensed her intention to leave and tightened her grip while shaking her head vigorously.

“Don’t worry. It’s all right,” Wynter reassured Lily and handed her over to Leo.

After a few steps, she glanced back and said to Gabby, “Come with me. Leo can’t manage both of you

alone.”

Gabby’s face paled, but he nodded in agreement. Lily looked up, urgently making sounds at Wynter. However, she knew Wynter could not understand her, so she couldn’t even gesture to communicate with

her.

Wynter patted Lily’s head and said, “Listen to me, Lily. You have to find a way out. Only then can the Foplyans’ evil deeds here be exposed.

“Leo will help you. After leaving the consulate, head south and look for the Quinnell family. Pass this Information to them.”

Wynter handed the documents and lab reports to Lily. “These materials will prove that the Foplyans have

Chapter 619 The importance of Serving the Country

been deceiving Cascadian children with promises of education, only to brainwash them before sending them to Foplya..

“After they return to Cascadia, they will serve as spies for the Foplyans.

“It’s crucial to inform the Quinnells that these children have been brainwashed. They need to intervene

and defend against them.

“More importantly, Mr. Quinnell Senior needs to broadcast this information to the world. He must expose the Foplyans for their inhumanity and utter disregard for ethics by using children as subjects for their

experiments.”

Wynter meticulously detailed each note, instructing Lily on whom to deliver them to and how.

Although Lily was still a child and might not remember everything, she clutched the black bag tightly, nodding vigorously at Wynter’s instructions.

Though Lily couldn't speak, she repeated Wynter's words in her mind so she wouldn't miss out on any

details.

Even though she couldn't voice her thoughts, one thing was clear to her—she had to get out. No matter how difficult it was, Lily had to survive and spread the message, just like the boy who had entered before

her.

Lily wanted everyone to know that this place was a living hell, not a school!

Chapter 620 Gods Blessings

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Chapter 620 God's Blessings

After Leo brought Lily away, Wynter glanced at the clock in the laboratory before picking up an iron rod.

As she moved toward the clock, the scent of blood grew stronger.

Behind her, Gabby seemed frightened as he called out to Wynter with each step. Ignoring him, Wynter observed the corridor before raising her hand to flick on the light switch.

"Just as I

st as I suspected, it's an Eight Trigrams Formation."

Wynter had found the laboratory's layout peculiar since they entered.

It was circular on the outside, with the energy converging at one point. The paintings on the walls had

strategic placements, and the terrain was slightly uneven.

Wynter poured some solution from a wooden rack to find the lowest point on the ground. Following the flow, she spotted a well not far away.

Although the water was collecting on the surface, it trapped souls beneath.

Wynter's eyes narrowed slightly. This was the spot.

Gabby clutched her hand. "Are we really going over there? It looks so scary."

"It might be scary for others, but it isn't scary for you," Wynter retorted.

Gabby looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"Are you still going to pretend?" Wynter glanced at his feet and continued, "Foplyanese girls wear wooden clogs and take small, quick steps. That's a habit you haven't managed to change."

A nervous smile appeared on Gabby's innocent face. "What are you talking about, miss? I'm a boy. After I came here, the teachers taught us to walk this way."

"There's no need to pretend now that it's just the two of us," Wynter said calmly.

Suddenly, Gabby's hair began to grow longer, and his clothes started to transform. "When did you start suspecting me? Was it just now?"

Wynter remained calm. "I suspected you before we entered. I usually don't guard against children, and you had no resentment, so you seemed to have a pure soul. However, something was off. Children usually avoid things they fear.

"For example, all the children were afraid of the detention room. Even if they were brainwashed, they would try to stay away from it. But you didn't seem terrified, only apologetic.

"After seeing how fearful Lily was of you, I became even more certain of your identity.

"It's difficult for adults to monitor children's true feelings and thoughts because children tend to hide things from their teachers. However, they are more willing to share their feelings with their peers."

The little boy had turned into a girl wearing a traditional Foplya dress.

Chapter 620 God's Blessings

"It's rare to find a Cascadian who knows so much. Since you know I'm not an ordinary human, you should be smart enough to decide in your best interest. Cascadia is doomed soon.

"If it weren't for those adults who smoke opium, how could it be so easy for us to get our hands on those children? My loyal servants brought me to Cascadia to worship me. Now, I've regained my human form."

The girl walked to Wynter in her wooden clogs. “Soon, I’ll achi